

**The Fisherman & Farmer.**SAM'L J. SKINNER, Editor.  
A. H. MITCHELL, Manager.**Price \$1.00 Per Year.**

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**EDENTON, AUGUST 26.****EDITORIAL.**

TO THE farmers assembled in Atlanta Mr. Henry W. Grady spoke in these glowing terms of the new South: There are 230,000 artisans at work in the South today that were not here in 1880, and this does not include the thousands that are building new enterprises. We manufactured last year \$213,000,000 worth of articles that six years ago we bought from the North or West. In six years following the Cotton Exposition of 1883, new cotton mills have been built in the South starting 1,000,000, new spindles. The South to-day is witnessing an industrial revolution for which history has no precedent. Figures do not measure it and amazement is simply limited by comprehension.—News and Observer.

It is truly encouraging to hear men like Mr. Grady speak in such glowing terms of the present condition of the grand old South. He knows too whereof he speaks, for he is a man of experience and filled with knowledge of the true history of the times in which we live. When we think of our condition at the close of the war—bereft of everything save honor, and contrast it with the present state of things, everywhere existent, we are silenced with amazement, and when we venture, in contemplation, to consider the future, we catch the thought of others and conclude admeasurement impossible. No thought can compass the destiny of her people, and imagination, if tempered by real existencies and natural limitations, will even fail in forecast to adequately delineate the splendors of her natural advance.

**OUR NEXT GOVERNOR.**

UNDER this head several of our cotemporaries are exercising their prophetic powers while others have taken a declarative turn and are prescribing for the party in 1888. Hear them:

Who knows that the next Governor of North Carolina is not engaged in Iredell court right now? He may be holding the court or he may be practicing at the bar.—Statesville Landmark.

The man that is to be the next Governor, that is, if the wishes of many warm friends in the Eastern section are considered, was holding court in Stokes county last week, if the calendar before us is correct.—New Berne Journal.

The Tarboro Southerner, never behind the rest in its contemplations as to men and things, commands our wink of approval when, in unmistakable terms, it declares:

"The man who should be the next Governor is in his fields attending to his farm and seeing his crops worked. The party that acts upon the supposition that the Governor of this State must be a lawyer will find itself greatly mistaken in November 1888.

A successful farmer will make a good Governor, and this the Southerner proposes to maintain until a Democratic convention says it is wrong.

For once let us have the clodhopper instead of the pettifogger."

While we approve the sentiment of and the spirit that prompts this declaration and give to the Southerner, as we have said, our "wink of approval" yet, we think, that while the FISHERMAN & FARMER's man is not in the fields "attending to his crops," he is in every way, having been a farmer in his day, and one, too, of no small importance, fully prepared to enter into complete sympathy with every farmer in the State and is willing to

cheerfully address himself at any and all times to the task, whatever it may be, that has for its object agricultural advance. Mr. R. B. Creecy is not only a farmer but in him success has been combined. As a lawyer he fully appreciates the legal reforms necessary and will not be slow in giving direction to constitutional legislation looking to the required ends. His experience is large and he fully understands the wants of the profession as well as the necessities of the people. His editorial experience has been of such character, as to assure the press of the State that while other things will be honestly and faithfully attended to, in him all the varied interests of our State, all that the powers of the and people can wish will be most richly met. Filled with learning, which has been tempered by an experience, he may be rightly denominated wise. True to every principle of right and justice, he may be implicitly trusted. Filled with a zealous care for the good of the State and the general welfare of the whole people he can be elected and we trust he will receive the nomination.

**AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.**

The following Agricultural address by Washington Whitehorn was recently declaimed by a Mr. Jones of Plymouth, at a public assemblage of the citizens in that town, with good effect.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:**

I congratulate you upon your good judgement in selecting me to deliver the address before this honorable society.

No one has taken agriculture more to heart or made it so much a study as I have. I have spent my whole life in reading agricultural reports, and have driven out into the country two or three times.

When I look round me and see the evidence of a farmer's life I say God bless him! I tell you I would rather borrow a hundred dollars of a good old honest farmer than any other man. I would rather eat at a farmer's table than eat at my own.

What better sign of agricultural thrift can be found than beautiful quilts, presents each one made of several thousand pieces? I tell you they are the finest products that can be cultivated on a farm. When a good old farmer wraps one of those around him and lies down to pleasant dreams, the mortgages on his farm and the taxes vanish into thin air. I am over-joyed to look around and see so many good looking girls. The crop is splendid. It shows they were raised on good farms, and I think they deserve the premium. If I wasn't a married man I would be agricultural enough to try and cultivate a liking for some of them.

I am pleased to see that every year farming becomes more advanced as a profession. Those wax flowers and crocheted ferns show to the whole world just how it is improving, and those sewing machines are so finely adjusted that they will sew anything from a calico dress to a field of oats. When I was a boyish child we did our sowing by hand, and I may add that some boys were raised by hand—with a switch in it.

Perhaps there is nothing that shows the progress of the agricultural interests better than the horse races. When I looked at those feats of speed I wanted to be a farmer, and became so enthusiastic over it that I invested ten dollars on the white horse for a purely agricultural purpose, but I had forgotten to state I had bet on the horse that came in last and the fellow went away with my money and his finger pulling down his left eye. Nevertheless, agriculture, as exhibited in a horse race, is a good thing. The occupation of a farmer in my mind is one of the most pleasant of recreations. What is more delightful than to see the patient ox hitched up to the sickle going through a field reaping potatoes from the potato stalks? What is more cheerful than to lie in bed and know that your corn is coming up whether you are there or not, or to sit back and drink cider and be aware that every stalk of wheat is growing without your being compelled to be out there and put a head on it, while the corn puts its ears out and listens for the breakfast bells? In the occupation of an honest farmer I can imagine nothing more exhilarating and ennobling than eating ham and egg breakfast. If I were a farmer how delightful would it be to roll up my sleeves and go forth while the sun is warm and effulgent and eat apples, or hitch up my team early to a spanker and go down the road like a breeze with another breeze after it. Farmers are independent; indeed they are the most independent set of people I know of, and when fair time comes around with what pride does the farmer gather together the produce of his farm for exhibition to the astonished world! He brings in his premium thistles, which show how much pains have been taken to cultivate them; and his champion mince pies, which only grow to perfection on a good farm; and his three legged chickens; and his horned muley cows; and his persimmons; and crab-cider; and his paw-paws; and ginseng; and ripe luscious cucumbers; and his cane fishpoles with corn blades stuck on them; and smear-

case; crooked gourds; and his girls and boys and the old folks!

Ah, there is nothing half like it. If I was the premier of this society you would all go home with the first premium. I thank you all for your kind attention. And if there is any good old farmer present is just going to lunch and will give me a pressing invitation to join in I will show him how much I like agricultural victuals.

Half of a fact is a whole falsehood. He who gives the truth a false coloring by a false manner of telling it is the worst of liars.—Magdon.

**SUPERIOR COURTS.****1ST (EDENTON) DISTRICT—JUDGE GRAVES.**

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Camden—September 12, one week.  
Pasquotank—September 19, one week.  
Perquimans—September 26, one week.  
Chowan—October 3, one week.  
Gates—October 10, one week.  
Hertford—October 17, one week.  
Washington—October 24, one week.  
Tyrrell—October 31, one week.  
Dare—November 7, one week.  
Hyde—November 14, one week.  
Pamlico—November 21, one week.  
Beaufort—November 28, two weeks.

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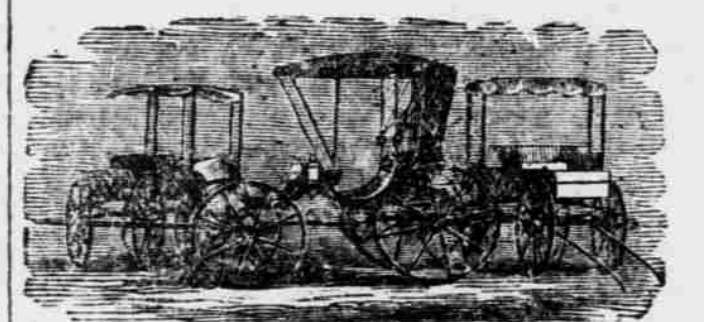
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Fancy Lawns at 4 cents.  
Light Calico, small figured, from 5 cents.

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Thanking you for past favors and hoping to merit the same in the future, I am  
Yours Respectfully,

**O. NEWMAN.****PERKINS' OLD STAND, Cheapside, EDENTON, N. C.**